The Christian Community

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MERGING THE CHRISTIAN AND THE COMMUNITY CHURCHMAN

The Community Church Workers of the United States of America, (Inc.)

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OBJECTS

To foster Christian unity.
To help communities unite local churches.
To plan community programs.
To hold conferences.
To foster and promote fellowship for community religion.
To help reduce competition and overlapping of effort.
To place cooperation above competition.

Members in Every State
Service Bureau for Churches and Ministers Uniting Churches
Promoting Community Programs
Publicity on Church Unity

Standing the Tests of Life

GROWING up out of a ravine on the old home farm is a giant elm tree. A never failing spring bubbles out from under the great roots of the tree. It was a large tree when I was a boy. It stands there still, apart and alone, defying all the elements and ravages of time. Lightning has struck and peeled its bark. Wind storms have broken its branches. Woodpeckers have drummed upon its crown. Wild bees have stored their honey in its cavities. Worms have bored into its trunk, and cankers have eaten at its tissues. But the old elm still towers above the fields, affording refuge for birds, and spreading its friendly branches to shade the cattle that come to drink at its spring.

WHAT is the secret of the elm tree's life and strength? One may say, the roots, drawing deeply from the spring at its feet. Another may say, it is the bark giving its protective covering. Still another may claim it is the wood, tough and strong, that gives it perennial life. A fourth may contend that it is the leaves that supply the life giving substance for the tree. But the botanist will tell us that it is the cambium layer, that growing live tissue, just beneath the bark. These are the living, growing cells that form the rings of growth, and continue the life of the tree. Here is the power within, which gives the tree its steadfastness, its resistance, and its power to stand the tests of life, throughout its span of years. I wish to draw an analogy to life from the old elm tree on the farm.

CAN your lives and mine stand the tests of time? We are, and will be tested as the old elm tree has been. The winds of adversity may sweep about our lives and shake our moorings. Salaries may be cut and financial losses sustained. We may lose a life insurance, a farm, or a home. Our investments may be swept away. We may even lose our job, and join the ranks of the unemployed. The lightning of sickness or death may strike at our homes, its shattering blows. We, or our loved ones may fall victim to ill health and all its dread consequences. Old age will creep on and decline of physical life begin. Critics, like the woodpecker on the tree, may pound at our head and heart. Men may lose confidence in us and seek by fair or foul means to displace us, and to cast us aside. Cankers of domestic discord may infect our inner circle. Insects of evil may creep into the lives of our children and bring disappointments, and rob us of our best fruit.

TURN once again to the old elm. It stood the test of time. So strong men stand these tests. "By what strength?" you may ask. By the *perennial life* within. The "cambium layer" of a man's life is the "God within him." It is there, making for *growth, strength* and *the resistance of evil.* If a man's philosophy of life is based upon the ideal of service to his fellowmen and he, like the elm tree, affords refreshments and friendly welcome to his fellow creatures, then he, like the elm tree, can tower above all his environment in spirit, and stand the tests of time. To rest back upon the consciousness of an inner power, supported by a Divine Power, and to plunge unselfishly into helping others to stand the tests of time will assure a victory for you. "Put on the whole armour, that you may withstand the evil day, and having done all—stand."

ARETAS W. NOLAN.

Resurrection

Last night a yellow jonquil burst
Its sepulcher of sod;
And rose above the darkness
Of the doubting clod.

I watched the Spring's new sunlight
wield
An angel's flaming sword—
And saw, again, the triumph
Of the risen Lord.

JANICE M. SWARNER

Like Unto These

Give me the Peace of hills
Low etched against the darkening west,
When night stoops low to fill
Their solitudes with rest!

Give me the strength of hills:
A calm and steadfast heart
To meet, undaunted still,
Whate'er the days impart!

Teach me the song of hills,
When the warm breath of spring
Touches their greening slope
Sentient with the thrill of new-born hope—
I, too, would sing,
Lifting my eyes to the hills.

JOCILE WEBB PEARSON

THE CHRISTIAN COMMUNITY

A Journal of Community Religion

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Religion for a Year

PLANNING has become so common in other affairs of life as to seem necessary in the field of religion. Why live from hand to mouth on a program for your church? To this end we suggest a code for the churches which any live congregation may well adopt. Here it is:

A CODE FOR CHURCHES

1. American people must return to the church.
2. The church will place spiritual values above economic values.
3. The church will share with others.
4. The church should meet all financial obligations and balance the budget.
5. The church will share with all boards in world service.
6. The church will add 5% to its membership this year.
7. The church will build a more adequate program for the new leisure.
8. The church will carry spiritual ideals into daily living.
9. The church will give a positive, unbargaining service to every member.
10. The church will maintain a character building program at an adequate status.

As a church member I will loyally accept this code.

Easter Is Life

EASTER is approaching and except for crowded houses and the annual parade, what may Easter prove factually for our churches?

We suggest it may bring a resurrection of interest in what we sometimes call *real* religion.

Jesus was always seeing life in relation to life. Never life in relation to death. Death is negative, a cessation, a pause. Life is vibrant. Life is renewal. The blade of wheat falls into the ground not to die but to live. If it die, it were not *real* wheat.

So Easter could prove for us that life is everlasting, reproducing itself out of a seeming death.

To those whose sorrow has seen only death, Jesus says, "Believe in Me, in My Father's House are many mansions." Mansions not for death alone, but for life.

Could we but see what lies beyond, over the hill, across the years, we could not sorrow as those who have no hope, but we would with Paul exclaim: "For me to live is Christ."

Ministers, do not count your haul of fishes this year on the adding machine, count them on the beads of love and life. One life saved for the reality of human existence may mean more than seventy-five put on an already padded church membership roll.

Union for Today

IF union of church forces is to become a reality, the lead will have to be taken by someone. The old game of passing the buck reminds us of Will Rogers' suggestion that we in America have gone through three passing stages:

The passing of the Buffalo;
The passing of the Elk;
The passing of the Buck.

Says Rogers: "We are now in the stage of the passing of the buck."

Denominational officials cannot longer "pass the buck." Laymen are wondering why all this duplication of effort? Why overlap in religious service to the community? Why three, six or even ten churches where one or two at the most would better do the job?

Every small town in the country knows the grief of competing religious organizations. Now with state and city councils of churches and religious education getting into mergers the idea will appear more frequently and with greater insistence that The Federal Council, The Home Missions Council and the International Council of Religious Education should consider some form of working together *and* perhaps organic union. Then and only then will the average community make real strides in their union plans. Who will make the first move?

The Simple Life

W. E. ORCHARD, eminent English divine, has just written a new book entitled, "The Way of Simplicity—a Guide for the Perplexed" (E. P. Dutton & Company), in which he pleads for a more simple approach to the art of living.

How we envy people who have cast non-essentials aside and have gotten to the kernel of the idea—simplicity.

Orchard says: "Faith seems to some minds anything but simple; yet it is demanded for salvation; without faith it is impossible to please God. No, faith is an act of the intellect, and while it is an act which has to be commanded from outside itself, it does no violence to the intellect."

How too few people ever really understand the simple desire of the Friends or the Dunkards or the Mennonites who were trying to over-simplify religion. But they had one simple thing in common—they believed in taking off the husks that they could concentrate on the essentials.

Now Orchard has followed through on his idea. He has passed into a too-great simplification—go over to the Anglo-Catholic position and all will be well. We wonder!

One may turn this idea right side out. Go over to no ism or esoteric position. Balance life between the Scylla *of authority* and the Charybdis of *latitudinarianism* and life will become less complex and yet very simple.

Tagore tells somewhere of the lover who lost his sweetheart and searched all over India at pilgrimage points for her and passed within calling distance of her, but missed her forever. He was too over-confident of finding his love among the very crowded places of existence. She walked very near him, but he was too blind to see her for the press of the crowd of people, things and festivals.

Such is life!

Orchard ends his delightful book with these words in capitals:

Be Simple.
Keep Humble.
Respond to Grace.
Look to Jesus.
Let Love Rule All.

A New Bicycle

THE bicycle has been revived. Out of the train window we see three boys and two girls riding up-to-date streamlined, balloon-tired bikes. And if this improvement has been made during the depression, why could not religion suggest a few improvements? Better organs. Better preachers. Better services. More alert laymen. Women's organizations all streamlined and geared to a balloon-tire age. Even the children could stand some improvement in the way their religious education problems are studied, handled and solved. More power to the bike!

THY TEMPLED HILLS

THE Grand Canyon of the Colorado, one of nature's most stupendous masterpieces, is almost wholly located in the state of Arizona. The Canyon, unlike any other of our National Parks, is 218 miles long, from ten to twenty-five miles wide and at most points is about one mile deep. It runs East and West. It is crevassed by huge erosions making smaller canyons all along its rim.

The Canyon is reached throughout the entire year by the Santa Fe Railroad at the main south rim where an immense amount of work is being done by the Department of the Interior through the National Park Service.

The El Tovar Hotel is operated for the convenience of travelers and here one may meet visitors from all over America and the world.

The elevation rises from Williams, Arizona, where the short line of mountain climb is reached via the Santa Fe until early in the morning one looks from a Pullman window out upon the grandest sight ever beheld in America. One is at a seven thousand elevation and looking down upon temples and cliffs, eroded by the action of over five hundred million years.

Looking down into the depths, one can see the gorge dug out by the Colorado River a mile below *the rim* and flowing on carrying a million tons of clay and sand down to the gulf of Lower California where deposits have been made through all the centuries.

JOHN WESLEY POWELL, intrepid explorer, was the first and for years the only American to traverse the length of the Colorado River through rapids and jagged rocks in a frail boat. To his name we add the Kolb Brothers. To his memory a beautiful mound of stone is erected on "Powell Point" from which one sees miles of beautiful sandstone walls vying in tans, rouge, reds and purple orchids to paint the most beautiful panorama in America.

As one looks across fifteen miles the temples wrought by the action of wind and weather are plainly visible.

There stands Cheops, so named for its resemblance to that of Egyptian fame. To the left, Confucius Temple, to the right Buddha Temple, then Brahma, Zoroaster just below Valhalla Plateau.

Indian names abound. Tonto Plateau, Pima Point, Mohave Point, Havasupai Point, Yaki Trail.

One must travel on burros or donkeys to descend into the canyon, taking a full day on the Bright Angel Trail. Down the steep winding path descend these patient, sure-footed beasts loaded with travelers or packs and never once are they in doubt as to their footing or destination. A CCC camp is located at the river's edge near a suspension bridge that leads across the river toward Bright Angel Canyon.

ONE may ride in comfortable buses fifteen miles to the north and west or twenty-five miles to the south and east. At each vantage point the driver stops and below is another richer and more elaborate view.

Said the Englishman and his wife and son: "Nothing like it in all the world." Said a seasoned traveler: "No scene to match it in Europe or Asia." Says the casual traveler: "It is all a dream."

Three or four museums erected by the United States government show in detail the age, erosion and fossil samples of prehistoric animals plainly seen in sample rocks. Here is a gold mine of information for the geologist or scientist. The oldest formations in America are found in rifts in the cliffs. A tiny Indian pueblo is seen far down in the Canyon where through the long summer they till the ground and raise their food.

In sunrise and sunset, in the glow of high noon or the deepening shadows of night the colors turn from dark haze purple to russets and golden browns. No artist has ever caught its complete picture and none ever will.

TO describe it beggars description and only in the words of Holy Writ are found words applicable: "The Heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth his handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech and night unto night showeth knowledge."

The north rim is reached only three months out of the year for deep snow covers the rim through the winter. To the Union Pacific these three months allow trains to reach the north, the Santa Fe reaches it daily with ideal service in the reach of all.

Truly the Grand Canyon National Park is one of the greatest assets to those who love beautiful America. To see it is to love it and no mental image is ever complete without furnishing a background of the panorama of our greatest natural marvel.

R. E. S.

PILGRIMS IN PALESTINE

(Special Correspondence)

The Way of the Cross

THURSDAY evening just before sunset. The week has passed so quickly for us. A trip to the Jordan, Jericho and the Dead Sea has been made. We have visited all the sacred spots in the city and wandered around in the various sections of the city, the Armenian, the Jewish, the Mohammedan, and the Christian section. Behind stone walls and barred gates these different people live, observing the customs of their forefathers. Religion to each soul who makes Jerusalem his home is something personal and real. More blood has been shed in these arched, narrow streets of Jerusalem than any other city in the world. The streets have run high with the blood of human beings like the flow of the rain water down the street leading to the Damascus gate the day before. Horses have waded knee deep in human blood in these streets and over 90,000 men have fallen in one siege and battle in these very streets because they were willing to give up their lives for the sake of Allah, Jehovah or God.

THIS Thursday night we cut through the city to Zion gate, where our lives and imaginations are permitted to peek into that upper room which tradition states is near the house of Caiaphas and the Zion gate. Jesus is talking to his disciples. Suddenly they leave their couches and talk in loud voices, for Jesus has said one will betray him. One disciple quietly slips out of this room of light into the night and, like a sneak thief of the night, creeps in the shadows to the gate of the high priest, who has him admitted.

OVER the Kedron Jesus is leading his disciples. We follow this group past the city gates into the valley, and into the garden among the olive trees. There in the black night we can hear groanings and the agonized cry of a soul in deepest distress. No outer cry or attack, but the sounds are so terrifying and deep that we shrink away into the shadows of the trees and dare not even look at that lonely figure looking up into the cold black night, as he cries out in agony. Lights can be seen, and noise heard in the distance.

The Betrayal

THE mob approaches and Jesus is taken a prisoner by the mob, who lead him back across the Kedron toward the city. We tarry here after this drama and request that time be set forward to 1935 again, while we examine the eight large olive trees, and the stone in the garden of Gethsemane today. Inside the church is the supposed stone where Christ prayed. We can readily accept this stone, for it looks so cold and hard. No one coming to Jerusalem as a pilgrim spirit will go away from this garden the same person, for the garden has been preserved in its simplicity, and the grim, twisted olive trees standing today can be descendants of the trees under whose limbs Christ prayed, or they can be trees similar to the ones under whose limbs Christ prayed. Either thought can stir religious sentiment in the heart.

The Way of Sorrow

DAWN which comes in the Orient as a swift messenger of life floods the eastern sky and lights up the dirty stone houses and alley-ways of Jerusalem as it has for centuries in the past. We are standing as one of the crowd, or mob, in the courtyard of Pilate, on the large stones which formed a part of his courtyard. Jesus has been condemned to death, and is taking up his cross to go to Calvary. These original stones of Pilate's courtyard could tell the story of that unjust trial if they had the power. To stand here on these stones and read the story again is to live and become a part of that scene on the first Good Friday.

ALONG those hard streets Christ bore his cross, which was heavy and hard to carry. How many times he fell under it; who Simon of Cyrene was, or who St. Veronica was we do not know. All pilgrims may follow along that way of sorrow and death, meditating and trying to realize its meaning. If some stop at more spots than others, never mind; we are all seeking to be friends of Christ, not his enemies. Calvary may have been at the present site of the church of the Holy Sepulchre, as it has been claimed by pilgrims for 600 years. Its location may be unknown, or it may be in the quiet and silent garden called Gordan's Calvary as others claim. Calvary was somewhere, and the body of Christ was placed in a tomb by his friends after the crucifixion. I am glad that as pilgrims we may in a symbolic way follow the way of the cross over the modern streets of Jerusalem. Who would stop that old ragged, filthy man, dirty on the outside of his body but pure within, as he kneels with the tears running down his cheeks, in front of the tomb, and prays God to forgive

(Continued on page fifteen)

Who's Who

Burris Jenkins is minister of The Community Church, Kansas City, Missouri, and author of many books. His most recent book is "Let's Build a New World."

Aretas W. Nolan, professor of Agricultural Science at the University of Illinois, Urbana, Illinois.

The picture of the Grand Canyon on the cover is graciously loaned by the Santa Fe Railroad System which is known as the Grand Canyon-Indian-Detours Line. The second picture entitled "Taos Pueblo" is also loaned by the Santa Fe and shows a typical Indian pueblo on the Indian-Detour.

"Ecce Homo" by L. de Morales, hangs in the Nelson Gallery of Art, Kansas City, Missouri. This picture belongs to the Spanish school of art and shows a strong Italian influence, particularly of Leonardo da Vinci, yet is purely Spanish in the morbid love of exaggerating all the details of the suffering of Christ.

Merrill S. Tope concludes in this special correspondence his trip around the world with Mrs. Tope. He is minister of the Fox Lake and Ingleside Community Churches near Chicago.

Olin D. Wannamaker, New York City, is the American Director of the Trustees of Lingnan University, Canton, China.

Mark Rich is Director of the Groton Community Parish, Groton, Tompkins County, New York.

N. A. McCune, East Lansing, Michigan, is minister of the People's Church, an interdenominational church at the campus of Michigan State College.

Howard R. Cannon is minister of the Mount Prospect Community Church, Mount Prospect, Illinois, and head of the Religious Book Department of Marshall Field and Company.

Lester M. Ellis is general secretary of the Y. M. C. A., Wichita, Kansas.

Joelle Webb Pearson lives at Des Moines, Iowa.

Jeanette Goeders, Algona, Iowa.

Earl Bigelow Brown, Upper Nyack, New York.

Janice M. Swarner lives in Kansas City, Missouri.

Can One Still Believe In God?

By BURRIS JENKINS

"He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." John 14:9.

A GREAT many persons find themselves unsettled as to their belief in God. The world war shook a great many to their very foundations. They saw the destruction of life and the devastation of beautiful countrysides and the loss of property and asked themselves whether a good God could permit such things to go on. The depression has shaken a great many others who have gone through hardships, heart-aches, and disappointments, almost if not quite equal to those of war; many unable to stand the strain have leaped out of windows, shot themselves, or taken poison. A third cause of the unsettlement in our minds lies in the change of our conceptions concerning a six-foot God, human in form and manner, concerning three realms, heaven above, hell beneath, and the earth between, to more scientific grounds of a God who must be thought of as power, force, beneficence or malevolence. The result is that many, without thinking their way clear through, have declared that they no longer believe in God at all but have become atheists.

Cannot Escape Belief

A great part of the difficulty seems to lie in the orthodox theology which has stated for several hundred years that God must be omnipotent, that is, possess all power; omniscient, that is, know everything from the beginning; and at the same time that he must be all-wise and all-loving. Looking about upon the suffering throughout all creation men have felt in their hearts that he could not be all-powerful and all-wise and at the same time be loving. Science, with its accepted story of evolution and the survival of the fittest, the battle and the bloodshed and the death that goes on from the smallest creatures up to man, cannot be reconciled with a God who is at once all-powerful and good. The modern scientific mind, therefore, has been driven rapidly and inevitably toward the idea of a struggling God, an experimental God, a God who has not yet worked out everything perfectly but is doing the best he can with the materials and circumstances at hand, like the President of the United States or the Dictator of Italy or Russia. The question of evil and suffering in the world cannot be solved on the basis of the idea of a perfectly good and at the same time perfectly powerful creator of the universe. We have to limit him either as to his power or as to his goodness; and I hope to show that his goodness cannot be limited.

It is entirely futile to argue whether we shall believe in a God or not, because really we can't help ourselves. There is no escape from the belief. It is a waste of breath and time to try to prove the existence of God, for the greatest things cannot be proved, and need not be proved. Men may think they do not believe in God, but likewise they might think that they don't breathe or their hearts don't beat. If they stop and examine themselves sufficiently they will know that their lungs keep on breathing and their hearts keep on beating whether they are aware of it or not. It is so with the belief in God. Men may declare ever so loudly that they are atheists, but their actions speak louder than their words and on occasion or in emergency they unconsciously show their belief.

THREE strong tendencies may be detected in current thought about the being of God, springing from three different types of mind and three different sets of circumstances or environment. The first theory I will call the Barthian, from Karl Barth, the popular German religious leader and very rapidly invading American thought in the theological seminaries and in the pulpits of many of the younger men. Starting with a realism which is quite discouraged about man, his work, his ability and his very nature, these teachers would tell us that humanity can make no progress, can do nothing for itself, stands helpless and defeated before all the difficulties under which it is swamped, and that therefore it must look helplessly to a God who is at once aloof and apart from his creation and also frequently, in response to the defeated cry of man, putting his finger into human affairs and interfering in behalf of those especially religious. There remains nothing for man to do, therefore, except to cultivate the most intimate relations with this strangely contradictory God, gain personal contact with him, and receive from him the consolation, the assistance, the salvation which man sorely needs. This school of thought seems a sort of deism, that is, a dual universe consisting of two parts, God first and all the rest including humanity second. At the same time, as with deism in past history, this new movement becomes decidedly mystical; that is to say, it waits for and expects direct manifestations from this more or less absentee God who can and does interpose in the affairs of those who wait for his help, pray for it and seek it.

AT the opposite extreme from the Barthians stand the humanists. So far from believing that man is inherently helpless and corrupt, the humanists believe that man is decidedly good, that he is the best thing in the whole universe, that he is so good and there is so much hope for him that he may safely be placed upon the throne of God. The only thing worshipful as well as worshipping, therefore, is man. All the God there is is a sort of essence of humanity, a distillation and a combination of all the best qualities of man, like attar of roses made up of the quintessence of thousands of flowers. We have the interesting spectacle, therefore, of a religion with God left out of its thought. The hu-

manistic movement so over-emphasizes man that it completely rationalizes God away. It is not astonishing, therefore, that humanism can be rarefied into an atmosphere of sweetness and light so diffuse that no substance and strength of purpose and action seems to be left.

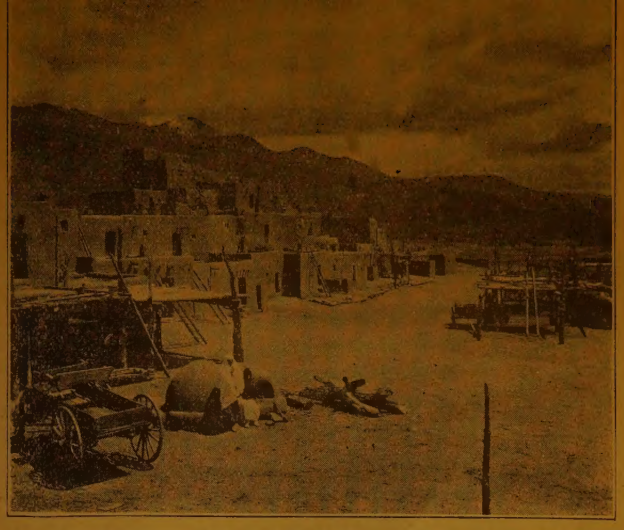
THE third attitude might be called the scientific attitude of thought about God. It is a golden mean between the two extremes. My own mind has always run in this direction. May I therefore turn to the first personal pronoun and declare that in thinking about God, I have always been compelled to think of everything I see and know, or even think I know, all at the same time. I must look to the starry heavens, as Immanuel Kant did, and by them be filled with awe. I learn that the movements of all those stars and suns and planets follow mathematical law, run regularly on time, never in a single instance deviate the schedule of their appointment. The procession of the equinoxes, the dashing of a comet or a meteor, all these are exactly on time and in harmony with the rhythm of everything. No wonder an ancient poet could speak of the morning stars that sang together and a modern one of the music of the spheres.

With the same sort of awe, I look upon the minute creation, the life that stirs among the blades of grass, so tiny and so intense, which I have watched many a time with my eyes six inches from the ground, or the life that can be seen only through the microscope in a drop of water or which cannot be seen at all. Every molecule and every atom, every electron, all obeying the law, living according to the law, governed by mathematics and absolute exactitude. I cannot believe that all this is a happen-so, a blind chance, a fortuitous combination of remarkable circumstances without purpose and without plan. It would seem to me the height of absurdity, harder to believe than even the most absurd human theology.

Evolution

Then there is the long slow process of evolution, creation not in six days nor six thousand years nor six epochs of any kind or duration, but a creation covering millions upon millions of years, all in accordance with law, all mathematically accurate. Then that creation crowned with man—at least we cannot keep from thinking that he is the crown, the chiefest work of God. About man the most admirable thing of course is mind. That mind transcends his bodily form, stands up and above his own frame, as if a thing apart, influenced by the processes of that body to be sure, and yet at times conquering those very processes and asserting its independence. That mind recognizes itself as somehow akin to God. Either God made it in his own image or it made God; it's all the same. The history of man, the march of time, the movements of tribes and nations, the rise and fall of empires, all this must go into our mental crucible as we experiment with thoughts about God.

Then at the summit of all stands the one perfect man who had the assurance to proclaim, "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father, or God." I cannot think about God without thinking about Jesus, the one God-like man who has ever lived, the one most God-like man. It may be my training from infancy, and yet I think it scientific and legitimate, because wherever the story of this one perfect man goes, even among those who have never heard of him before, the universal verdict comes, "He is perfect. He is like a God. He must be a God." It is the method of science to gather facts like this expression and from such facts draw conclusions. Not merely my childhood training, then, causes me to believe that this Jesus-man is the best picture of God that we have. He knew what he was talking about when he said, "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." When I think of God I see Christ. When I try to pray to God, the face of Christ comes before me. God could not have done a finer thing, a wiser and more skilful thing than when he poured all his spirit and essence into a man, a supreme man, a heroic and perfect man, and enabled that man to say, "Here. Look at me. When you see me you see God." For if God set out to reveal himself in the clearest possible manner to human eyes he could not do better than to choose a human form. Many of us cannot read any other form but that. Some of us cannot appreciate the stars and the storms, the atoms and the electrons, time and space, the laws of this wonderfully spectacular universe. They are all too great for us. Some of us are untutored in the tides and currents of history, could not understand them if we knew them. But not one of us who cannot read a human life, look into a human face and determine whether it is kind. We can all read Christ, the plainest book that ever was written, the simplest and therefore the greatest, the most complex and therefore the most fascinating, the most natural and therefore the most charming.



Taos Pueblo, New Mexico
On the Indian-Detour

NOT a single human life, therefore, however frustrated, however wounded, however broken, however lonely and sad but can find in him the heart balm to be expected from a good, a kindly, a beneficent, a powerful God. All those who have lost their faith through the misfortunes that have happened in a crazy world, all those who have endured personal suffering and affliction quite apart from the craziness of society and of nations, these may all find the medicine for a heartbreak and the tonic and stimulant for renewed life and effort in the companionship of this perfect man who is the image of the Father God.

Half a Cycle of Cathay . . . . . .

By OLIN D. WANNAMAKER

AFTER 12,000 miles alone, from Harvard to Hongkong, I expected to be met. But there was no one to meet me. Taking my courage in my hands—this was in 1902, only two years after the bloody turbulence of the Boxer Outbreak — I took steamer from Hongkong to Macao, that ancient town of mixed blood and mingled races, created by Portuguese buccaneer-traders in the middle of the sixteenth century, on a peninsula stolen from China, and supported for long years on a traffic in coolies to the West Indies plus the tax on fan tan gambling dens.

The boat arrived at dusk, with rain falling. Again no one met me. One Portuguese passenger warned me that the coolies would steal all my baggage if it got out of sight, so I clung to one piece, at least, my heavy suitcase, and shuffled along at breakneck pace behind the four porters swinging my two trunks. A quarter of a mile, with panting breath, and I was thankful when the coolies stopped in a pleasant part of the city and rang the bell of a good-looking house. Down the stairs inside I heard steps coming, the door opened, and a friend met me as if I had been a ghost.

He had not known that my steamer would arrive in Hongkong two days ahead of schedule.

Jade, Junks, Jinrikishas

At last, I was on the other side of the world, hanging on upside down in the land of tea, jade, junks, and jinrikishas. And — I was at the "Christian College in China," powerful magnet that had drawn me all the way from Harvard, half round the globe.

The first knowledge I acquired was that the Portuguese who warned me against coolies was uttering nonsense: they were entirely trustworthy. The second step in my education was that I had agreed to pay them precisely six times too much for bringing my trunks. My education continued to advance almost as rapidly as that.

There was not a great deal to learn about the "Christian College in China." It could all be taken in very quickly—there was, after all, so little of it!

In fact, there was no college at all; only a rather questionable kind of high school, thirty Chinese boys in three classes, taught by four Americans—I being one-fourth of this faculty—and two Chinese. The name "Christian College in China" was a prize-winning illustration of the Biblical expression: "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."

NOT that I had been deceived. I knew what to expect, and was not disappointed. In fact, the whole situation was full of romance. Even the water buffaloes, ugliest of all created animals, possessed a strange, exotic charm. To play soccer with yellow-faced boys, wearing long close-fitting shaams from neck to ankle, with long pigtails flying behind as they held up their skirts and chased the ball, was the flavor of a different world. To teach the young idea how to utter the barbarous sounds of the American language, after my laborious years of preparation for a learned university career in America, left nothing to be desired. The mosquitoes and cockroaches were only a part of the stage trappings; the play enabled you completely to forget them. Even when the table boy, fresh from the farm, removed his slipper between courses to wipe some grit from the sole of his foot, this only added to the piquancy of the meal. Under such circumstances and service, the marvelous deviled crabs, or ducks' legs dressed with pulverized chestnuts, took on a peculiarly delicious Oriental flavor.

By the time I had learned three hundred Cantonese words, and could pronounce them with the proper sing-song, I began to aspire to Mencius and Confucius, adequate replacement for my loss of Sophocles and Homer.

Old Land—New Life

Strange what a fascination there was half a cycle ago in this land of Cathay! Was this because the land was so indescribably old? Was it not, possibly, just the opposite—because a very new life was just ready to hatch out of the ancient nest? Perhaps a mingling of the two half-conscious ideas.

I remember, at least, the thrill with which I summoned my very phlegmatic first teacher in the Chinese language — a little the worse for opium — from his rigid posture in the chair, fan in hand, to look down from my window at a line of water buffaloes being driven through the street by a small boy, precisely as the same water buffaloes were driven by small boys 2,500 years ago before the philosophical eyes of Confucius. The private garden just across the street, down into whose sheltered nooks in the bamboo shade I could look from my window, belonged to antiquity; but, while I was gazing at the buffaloes and the bamboo, I saw a group of young children playing in the street, and they were no more ancient than young children in New York or San Francisco.

I SUPPOSE one of those grains of wheat thousands of years old found in the Pyramids sprouts into a fresh young plant as soon as it is placed in the soil. So do the children in very ancient China sprout into a new life when put in the right soil. The wheat, however, merely repeats its parents. The children are not the same as their ancestors. Perhaps I can illustrate this aspect of what so fascinated me thirty years ago by telling you a little about one of the young things I saw sharing the street with

the lazily ambling water buffaloes.

She was about eight years old—a slender little thing, in slippers, no stockings, baggy-kneed blue cotton pants half-way down her slender calves, a loose-fitting blue cotton pajama sack, a pigtail down her back and a very engaging smile. I think she was playing hop-scotch with her small playmates. By the side of the ancient ambling buffaloes and the immemorial garden, she was the eternal child. Perhaps it was this mingling of the ancient and the very living and nascent that made life just there and then so fascinating. I rather think this from what happened to the small girl.

For I saw her just thirty years later, in the same old Macao and almost the same part of that ancient town. But what a difference had come about in this child in half a cycle of Cathay!

Chinese Girl Takes Honors

Almost where the so-called Christian College had occupied rented quarters thirty years earlier—whence it migrated later to the city of Canton—I found the grown-up child. She was no longer playing hop-scotch on the street. She was presiding over the destiny of a new school for Chinese boys and girls, occupying more space than the imaginative and ambitious college had occupied three decades previously, its classrooms filled with five times as many children as the boys I had found enrolled when I arrived after the turn of the century. And how different these new boys and girls were! As sturdy and rollicking and brimful of life as any boys and girls on the globe. I must have been right about that half-conscious idea of the new and nascent in the midst of the ancient and unchanging. It was not only the girl herself who had grown up, matured, acquired all that she could from the evolving college, and then gone to America and graduated with honors at Bryn Mawr, bringing back a diploma and abundance of goodwill and friendship with her. It was not only she who had germinated and sprouted in the new soil of the new day.

The intangibles of the whole environment seemed to have gone through a similar metamorphosis. The school she had created, single-handed out of nothing, was a different school from what it could have been thirty years before. The secluded garden I found quite unchanged, as elusive and fascinating as ever. The water buffaloes had not quickened their pace. But everything belonging to the human beings had been transmuted. Outstanding and yet typical amid this transmutation was the once eight-year old Liu Fung Kei. She had grown to be a leading citizen—a new kind of citizen—of this ancient Portuguese-Chinese town, bringing a new day for the Chinese in Macao, recognized and respected by the Portuguese governor and his government. When she raised funds from Chinese friends somewhat later, and erected her own building for her own school, the Portuguese governor wielded the trowel to seal up the historic documents in the cornerstone with all proper flourish and ceremony.

IT WAS hard to revive in memory the arrival of the Portuguese buccaneer-traders in the middle of the sixteenth century!

Lingnan University

When I visited Liu Fung Kei's new school, and drove with her and other friends, at a forty-mile pace, over the fine new roads back into the province, to visit the birthplace of Sun yat-sen, and to see the experimental farm entrusted by the government of the province to what was thirty years ago the non-existent but hoping - to - become Christian College in China, now the wide-expanded Lingnan University, my romantic satisfaction with the transfer from an American university career to the training of Chinese tongues in the rudiments of English speech seemed to me in retrospect to have been fully justified and perfectly natural.

When you ask a Bombay gardener why he deals in a certain way with the soil, he will reply simply: "It has been so from the beginning!" He believes it will be till the end. That is the ancient and immemorial East, which deceived the crystalized intelligence of Rudyard Kipling, and brought forth "East is East and West is West." But, in this changeless East, new life germinates, sends its new roots down into the antique mould and its new shoots up toward the eternal stars, and bears blossoms of a transmuted color and odor. So I found it everywhere in Cathay, revisited after half a cycle.

THERE was a boy, for instance, whom I taught the painful stages of alien speech from "This is a pencil" upward. He seemed only a playful, rather mischievous boy thirty years ago. He was almost dismissed once for some infraction of rules. We liked him, but we did not predict a great future for him. But this boy became somehow alive to the drab destiny of the village children in all the hamlets around our slowly improving "college." He instigated a day school on our grounds for these children, taught by himself and other students of the Christian Association. The college assigned to the venture an outlived wooden barracks. Sz-to Wai became so immersed in this school for the villagers that he forgot to finish his own college course. Instead, he fostered the school course and the children and the teachers he had gained. Before many years, the college had encouraged him to create a model primary school on its grounds and soon there was a lengthy waiting list of well-to-do youngsters of Canton, whose parents insisted that this must be the school for their favored rising generation. The time came when Sz-to Wai's friends spoke of him affectionately as "the Pestalozzi of South China."

He was urged to create a similar school in Hongkong, and, within a few years, that likewise was self-supporting, was accumulating a reserve for the purchase of property. Then the Cantonese in Shanghai, seven hundred miles north, drew him away from Hongkong for a third pioneering venture.

WHILE I was revisiting China in 1932, half a cycle after I entered sleepy Macao, the young Pestalozzi sailed from Shanghai to Hongkong and bought for his second school, for $130,000, Hongkong currency, its fine site and buildings looking down on the blue

(Continued on page fifteen)

The Church of the Month

THE CENTRAL COMMUNITY CHURCH MATTOON, ILLINOIS

THE Central Community Church was organized as an independent church ten years ago by a group of people representing the Disciples, Presbyterians and Congregationalists. This was not a uniting of churches, but was made up of members of these three bodies who had formerly worshipped together in the Congregational Church. In August, 1925, the church was organized and incorporated in the name of the Central Church of Mattoon.

Property Acquired

For one dollar a year, the church property belonging to the Congregational folk was leased to the new church. This was done with the understanding that if the experiment was a success in three years the property would be deeded over. The Central Church proved its worth and at an enthusiastic meeting held in October, 1928, acquired the church property. A new basement room for recreation was added and an adjoining home purchased and remodeled to be used as a manse at a cost of $18,000.

ALWAYS the property has been kept in good condition. The auditorium and Sunday School rooms were recently attractively redecorated. On a Sunday morning, the pastor called attention to the much-needed renovating. In four weeks the work was completed and the bill paid, a noteworthy record for the present times. A baptistry was added with the new improvements in order that those desiring may be immersed.

The church building is of the architecture of a generation ago, Gothic in style with a number of beautiful and expensive stained glass windows.

The Minister

From the time of the organization in August until October the pulpit was occupied by guest speakers. In October, 1925, John Codd was called to the pastorate. Mr. Codd was a member of the United Brethren faith and had served a number of important churches in the conference. He was anxious to cast his lot in this new venture. He is now in his tenth year of service and the most happy relationship exists between the pastor and people. Mr. Codd served as first chairman of work relief in the community; was elected a member of the board of the Chamber of Commerce; served three years as president of the local ministerial society; and at the present time is president of the Rotary Club. He is also a member of the national Board of Directors of the Community Church Workers of the U. S. A. So much for John. Mrs. Codd has been a real influence of helpfulness in the church and in the community.

Evidences of God

God's work is in the feather
Hid in the bluebird's wing,
In the limpid jubilation
That makes the redbird sing.

His footprints are sequestered
Where violets are veiled
From the world's pretentious glamour
That glory has entailed.

His word is not in thunder
But in the still, small voice
That marshals love and courage,
And bids a child rejoice!

EARL BIGELOW BROWN

John Codd

Fine Music

Justly proud is the Central Community Church of its music. One of the finest organs in the city has been installed. The excellence of the vested choir is considered a high point in the worship services. The very efficient leader and organist, Mrs. E. G. Sutton and Mrs. B. F. Uran, have served since the beginning of the organization and with their faithful co-workers have added much to the success of the services.

The church has always had and has at present a live woman's society which has taken upon itself financial obligations that have been of great help to the church during these times of stress. This organization also promotes friendship and fellowship within and beyond the borders of the church membership.

LIKE A great many other towns Mattoon was hit very hard by the depression which slowed up the work of the church, but progress has been made in the right direction.

Growth in Membership

Great loss has been suffered in recent years by the death of a number of prominent members and officials whose places have been hard to fill, but others have risen up to carry on and the prospect looks bright for the future. The present membership is about six hundred and fifty.

FOR SOME years this congregation knew nothing of the Community Church Workers organization until Mr. Codd visited one of the Biennial National Conferences. Like many other Community Churches, they say that they believed theirs to be the only one in

existence. They were happy to learn even more of the spread of the movement throughout the country when Richard E. Shields, the executive secretary of the Community Church Workers, visited Matton in February and showed slides and told stories of the life of other Community Churches.

The perfect harmony that has continued to exist through the years in the Central Community Church among folk reared in different faiths proves what can be accomplished when people agree to disagree, to bury these differences and to concentrate upon the more essential phases of religion, and live and practice brotherhood, charity and helpfulness.

Wider Contacts

The Central Community Church has given leadership quite beyond the borders of its own congregation to Mattoon. All good civic ventures include the leadership of the men and women who make up the membership. To illustrate, at the Investitute service of the local Catholic priest as a papal Chamberlain recently, an invitation was extended to Mr. Codd and the members to be present. A large crowd attended and the pastor, as all Protestant ministers of Mattoon, was at the service when the Bishop and all his clergy of the Diocese held a service of recognition honoring this local priest, the Very Rev. Thomas E. Cusack, as a new Monsignor. The priest has been equally friendly to Christian forces in Mattoon. Such reciprocal friendliness could hardly have happened ten years ago.

When one visits the church school, he finds a Y. M. C. A. man teaching a large men's class, another leader holding forth to a large women's class and each department well-organized and managed.

A beautiful book called the "Hostess Reference Book" was published by the women's Society of Central Church in cooperation with a local cooperative creamery. It included pictures of the church and minister; suggestions for social and business etiquette and for the conduct of children; and many excellent recipes. The menu for serving 100 people, which is found in this book, is given below:

2½ pounds of coffee
6 gallons of milk
18 pounds of meat
50 pounds of potatoes
15 No. 2 cans of peas
4 gallons of soup
3 pounds of butter
6 loaves of bread—long loaves
1¼ pounds of olives
25 heads of lettuce
100 ears of corn on the cob
50 pounds of beef tenderloin (Filet Mignon)
15 pounds boiled boneless ham
20 pounds smoked ham
10 pounds cheese—brick, Swiss or American
2½ gallons ice cream (brick), cutting 10 cuts to a quart brick
50 pounds bass, ½ fish to each person
35 pounds jack salmon
100 rolls, one roll to each person
8 average sized cakes
18 average sized pies
50 spring chickens, serving ½ fowl to one person

For escalloped oysters, four gallons of oysters, eight pounds of crackers and four pounds of butter.

For chicken pie, use fifteen chickens.

For hash, twelve pounds of corned beef, with double the quantity of potatoes.

One pound of coffee makes 40 cups of coffee.

With any two of these allow ten dozen biscuits, five pounds of butter, fifteen pounds of ham before cooking, six quarts of cabbage salad, three pounds of cheese, one hundred doughnuts, four loaves of white cake, four loaves of dark cake and four of layer.

Two gallons of ice cream.

Central Community Church

Mattoon Representative

Perhaps the most interesting phase of the work to others is the fine spirit of forward-looking people who represent the cultural life of this Illinois city congregating together at Central Church. Bankers, lawyers, doctors, teachers, and business people as well as a large group of young life make up a well filled auditorium.

The choir leads in the singing of good music at every service. They use Dr. Dawson's excellent hymnal in church services, the congregation joining in the singing.

Others Approve

Bishop Fout of Indianapolis is a personal friend of Mr. Codd of long standing and visits Mattoon frequently. Upon several of these visits he is reported to have expressed his great satisfaction that one of the ministers trained in the United Brethren background should be shepherd of so fine a church.

A Traveled Pastor

Mr. and Mrs. Codd have taken trips across the continent visiting many points of interest. Even now Mr. Codd as president of the local Rotarians is making plans for attending the International Convention of Rotary Clubs to be held shortly in Mexico City, Mexico. It is through such leadership and an awareness of the way others are doing their work that Central Community Church has weathered the storms of the depression and has achieved a position of wide influence. It is safe to assume that the next ten years will see a still further improvement in the religious life of this enterprising railroad center of the State.

When Country Preachers Meet . . . . .

By MARK RICH

WHY SHOULD eleven country ministers of four denominations and three states come from a four hundred mile radius, at their own expense, to sit in an exclusive two-day conference? The first impression is that these men came together in order to talk. For they did talk from eight o'clock in the morning until late at night with brief intermissions for recreation and eating.

The conversations would fill a sizable volume. Nor would the remarks bear many similarities to the annual reports of a denominational body. But it was as much what was said as what was revealed and could be read in the pauses that gave this conference a singular significance.

Love of Country

The first impression of these men was that here was a group of sincere young rural ministers who, to a man, were not only willing but anxious to remain in rural parishes. These men want to stay in the country because of the unparalleled opportunity for service offered in fields that have been slighted for a generation. Crucial issues of our generation will come to focus in the country in a more elemental fashion than in urban centers. The country will contribute as much as the city toward the uniting of Protestantism.

A more basic reason why these men desire to remain in the country is because they love such a life. When they sing

"I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills"

it is without sham or pretense. The country speaks to them of God and of a simple, abundant life. They resent the feeling of superiority frequently expressed by urbanites; and no little time was spent in considering ways to win the unappreciative to see the actual and potential glories of country life.

Over-Work

YET, IT required no keen observer to see that certain almost impregnable obstructions blocked the way which would keep these men in rural pastorates. The first of these is over-work. It sounds anachronistic to speak of a country preacher overworking, but exactly such a condition exists. It is especially true of those in the newer cooperative movements. One young man, isolated in a far corner of his state, is working day and night in a desperate struggle to bring his too-widely scattered churches into a cooperative plan. Another frankly confessed that the demands of his several churches, which he was attempting to weld into a new unity, was so heavy that he had little time for study and his sermons were becoming sterile. Such problems are not isolated. These young men are trained, their intellectual life can not be satisfied with over-activity which deprives them of sufficient leisure to cultivate the spiritual and mental life.

Pig

Ten hundred million homes rejoiced!
'Twas the ending of the War!
A little boy, with joyous heart
Slipped softly out the door.

They found him on the barnyard fence;
Just talking to a pig.
This little boy—so thrilled and glad
His heart was swelled so big,

Was shouting to his curl-tailed friend—
(He thought they were alone)
"Pig! Pig! The War's over!
My Daddy's coming home!"

LESTER M. ELLIS

Underpay

Underpay is another foe which threatens the prospect of remaining in the country. One man serves five churches. Three of these pay a combined salary of $525.00 which is no more than enough to operate the minister's car the yearly fifteen thousand miles.

ANOTHER reported that he was getting along very well on a meager salary in addition to free board and room, the donation of a church official. His mental distress was caused by a sweetheart in Cleveland. Quite naturally, he had an urge to marry her and she had given consent. But with marriage the free-board pledge would vanish and the small salary, plus ardent love, would not meet routine bills for a family.

One of the leading proponents of the larger parish last year had a total salary of about $800.00 after deducting his automobile expense. At that, a part of the pay was taken in vegetable and dairy products. The conference did little to solve this horny problem which may drive some of the young men into other fields.

Competition

The third irritant which threatens a country career is the prevalence of denominational competition. Though each of these ministers is a member of his own denomination in good and regular standing, by no chance could their condemnation of denominational jealousy and rivalry be mistaken. Certain denominational officials were accused of deliberately sending sectarian-minded, narrowly denominational pastors into cooperative situations with the apparent purpose of thwarting the movement. These young preachers, in conference, were through with a Christian faith which makes people divide into antagonistic groups to carry on a policy of ignoring one another, or of subtle warfare.

WITH ALL their hopefulness, one can not be certain but that some of these young men will be driven from the country parish by the intolerable competitive situations which persist despite all prayers, propaganda and Christian patience.

Not a small difficulty met by rural ministers is the fact that while the denominational machinery is geared to transfer men from one field to another, as yet there is no way, excepting by hit and mostly miss, of transferring from one cooperative parish to another.

Cooperative Action

This conference, however, was positive in its emphasis. It was no mutual-consolation society. The purpose was to discover methods of progress. These men have a mind that the only way forward is through cooperative action. They talked, planned and studied about cooperation. Once and for all the policy of every church for itself and let the devil take the hindmost was thrown out of the window. Perhaps the theme of the conference can be summarized in the quoted words of Wesley, "If your heart beats like mine, lend a hand."

RESOLUTIONS adopted consisted largely of sentiments on cooperation. Following a list of whereases, one reads:

"Be it resolved: That each major denomination within the state employ a community-minded rural director whose function shall be the spiritual supervision of rural churches and to aid in the adjustment of competitive situations, and

"Be it further resolved that these directors' salaries be paid from the missionary monies now allocated to aided rural churches, if funds are not otherwise available, and

"Be it further resolved that these directors constitute an interdenominational cooperative commission. . . ."

Search for God

Anyone meeting with this group could sense a deeper desire than merely to repair denominational machinery or to urge cooperation. One spoke for all when he said, "I came here to find God's will for myself and for my church." These men were in search of God. Sincerity prevailed throughout the gathering. One felt it in the casual conversations as well as in the stated conferences and the group prayers. No pious phrases or ceremonial pretensions marred the high character of these hours.

IN finding God's will, these men had the faith that it would have definite bearing upon the social and economic conditions of rural communities. That is why Kagawa's cooperative program for Japan was referred to time and again. The theory and practice of the Rochdale pioneers in England, the extensive and highly-developed cooperatives in Denmark and Waukegan's cooperative success in the United States were discussed. Small scale cooperatives for canning, credit, buying, selling and producing were considered as ways of bringing a higher standard of living to American farmers through self-help. Talk about cooperatives came as easily and naturally as did debates on creeds which took place in the agenda of ancient ecclesiastical councils.

"Ecce Homo" by L. de Morales

Courtesy Nelson Gallery of Art, Kansas City, Mo.

Economics—Spiritual

It was taken for granted that the economic and social aspects of living were not apart from the moral and spiritual. It was brought out that whereas once the church was a fellowship in which the needy were helped, it now resorted to handing out nickels and Christmas baskets as an expression of brotherhood. One can not help but feel that some rural churches, under the guidance of such ministers, are going to find a way to apply the Christian teachings in social and economic as well as the more personal spheres. These men do not yet know the way but they are in dead earnest about finding some way to make religion applicable in the present social and economic order.

A New Evangelism

Could one believe it, the conference became engrossed in discussing a new type of evangelism, an evangelism which uses some of the methods of by-gone days—an evangelism with emotional appeal and opportunity for public decision. This new evangelism will frankly and unblushingly face the social implications of Jesus' teachings and seek to commit men to definite stands on economic and social principles. No expansive hopes were expressed that such a revivalism will convert the masses nor that it will solve all the problems of the world. It will put new dynamic into the Christian faith and it can no longer be said that a Christian can not be distinguished from the world.

HOW much will come from this quiet unofficial conference held in a woodland retreat, one can not foresee; perhaps not much from the conference itself. It evidences a new feeling among country preachers. They are becoming self-conscious. They are dedicated to the cooperative way, some even to the abandonment of denominations, if they are driven to such a course. They insist that the religion of Jesus means nothing until it helps people at their place of need. It is their determined purpose to bring the teachings of Jesus to bear upon the social and economic aspects of rural life, and if they fail in this their churches will, at least, be aware of the hiatus between the teachings of Christ and the present order. These men are ready for a new evangelism which dedicates men, as social beings as well as individuals, to the precepts of the Christian faith.

Books

Sermons of Merit

THE SECRET OF VICTORIOUS LIVING. *By Harry Emerson Fosdick.* Harper & Brothers, 1934. 246 pp. $1.50.

OF the eight or ten books, larger and smaller, by Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, the last two are the only ones composed exclusively of his actual sermons. This latest volume to come from his pen, "The Secret of Victorious Living," does more than any of his theological treatises to bring us face to face with the man and the minister.

IT is one thing to read an exposition of a leading theologian's views, and it is quite another thing to catch him, as it were, in the very midst of his work. In the twenty-five sermons of this book, we find Dr. Fosdick actually doing the thing that he talks about in some other places in his writings—presenting a variety of Christian truths clearly, forcefully, eloquently, and tellingly. These are not calm reflections of the religious philosopher; they are the white-hot messages from a big-hearted pastor to a people needing guidance and instruction.

THE choice of subjects is particularly apt for the age in which the book appears. Also, the title, which is, incidentally, the title of the first sermon, is truly indicative of the theme of the whole group. In a day when so much living seems to be either defeatism, or at the best a resignation to marking time, Dr. Fosdick with his customary faculty for leading in Christian thought, sounds a definite keynote of victory. A few of the sermon subjects, chosen quite at random, will show both the variety and the unity of thinking. "The High Uses of Trouble," "The Use and Misuse of Power," "The Practical Use of Faith," "A Plea for True Individualism," "On Escaping from The World," "On Learning How to Pray" and "The Cure of Disillusionment"—all these and others take up people's real, pressing problems, and offer a real, Christian solution.

THERE are many arresting thoughts, but few if any superficial tricks in these sermons. They are not peppered with epigrams, to give them an appearance of brilliance. Rather they are filled with honest meat, and salted just sufficiently to commend themselves as both nourishing and palatable. But although Dr. Fosdick is happily free from trick sentences, he says some true things in a most striking way. Take this simple statement, for example, from the sermon "On Making Christianity too Easy." "There is something wild," he says, "about believing in the living God." That is a sentence to make one stop and think. Or look at this very personal statement in an Armistice Day sermon: "At any rate, I will myself do the best I can to settle my account with the unknown soldier." There is a statement of pacifism that is neither sentimental nor quixotic. It is a good, honest, Christian resolution.

BUT in a sense, a book of sermons cannot be reviewed. Sermons succeed only when they move the listener or reader. Every one of these twenty-five is moving. Every one is persuasive. I can only suggest, to clergy and laity alike—to all who are looking for brief, strong, positive messages of help and cheer and courage—that you sit and read the first sermon, "The Secret of Victorious Living." Do that, and you will be under the spell, and will read the other twenty-four.

HOWARD R. CANNON

The Beecher Family

SAINTS, SINNERS AND BEECHERS. *By Lyman Beecher Stowe.* Bobbs-Merrill and Co. 450 pp. $3.75.

LYMAN Beecher Stowe, grandson of the author of Uncle Tom's Cabin, has written a book about the Beechers. All church folk should read it, to be reminded how good and how human Christians can be. If any one is interested in heredity, here is material to his taste. Lyman Beecher was blest with eight sons and three daughters. Some were geniuses and all were extraordinary. No wonder Theodore Parker declared that Lyman Beecher was the father of more brains than any other man in America. All were reformers or writers or educators but one. She said she would not write a book or organize a society for universal reform, or make a speech, but she would show them all how to live by living to be a hundred. And she almost made it.

BUT for that matter they all lived to be old. Of course Harriet Beecher Stowe, with her thirty-odd books in addition to Uncle Tom's Cabin, and Henry Ward, are the conspicuous ones. But there were Edward the scholar and Catharine the founder of girls' colleges. And Thomas K. must not be overlooked, the preacher of social righteousness, who founded the first people's church. He never would be installed because he said he might want to quit any time, so, while always expecting to quit he completed a half-century's ministry in his church in Elmira, New York.

IT is a warming book. It shows how the virtues of the fathers and mothers are visited upon the children, unto the third and fourth generation.

N. A. McCUNE

Two Lenten Books

TESTAMENT OF LOVE. *By Hubert L. Simpson.* Abingdon Press. $1.00.
CHRIST SPEAKS FROM CALVARY. *By Edward Jeffries Rees.* Cokesbury Press. $1.00.

In addition to the many volumes based upon the Seven Words, there have come two new books which are alike in their selection of this memorable phase of the history of Jesus as their theme, but which differ in treatment and approach. They are alike in that either or both of them may be highly recommended for Lenten reading or for use in connection with the Lenten services.

Dr. Hubert L. Simpson, writer of "Testament of Love," is minister of Westminster Church in London, England. In these devotional med-

itations he relates with vivid understanding the words of Jesus on Calvary to every day life. In the introduction, he says: "Should we not hear him? Should we not listen to what he has to say? He spoke in an hour when the sands of destiny for his nation were fast running out. The enemy was at the gates. Temple and place, position and power, were about to pass from them to a people bringing forth fruits meet for repentance. The whole civilized world was rocking. In such an hour do we again find ourselves." A spiritual quality of deep inspiration pervades the book.

"Christ Speaks from Calvary" is written by Dr. Edward Jeffries Rees, who is well remembered for his book, "In Remembrance of Me." In chapters filled with practical illustrations and headed, The Forgiving Christ, The Compassionate Christ, The Devoted Christ, The Rejected Christ, The Suffering Christ, The Victorious Christ, The Triumphant Christ, The Immortal Christ, Dr. Rees gives opportunity for the reader to appreciate with ever increasing thoughtfulness the "Call of Calvary" and the deeper meaning of the Easter season.

G. D.

Half a Cycle of Cathy

(Continued from page nine)

mirror of Hongkong's unsurpassable harbor. Then he resumed his third task in Shanghai.

It was a venturesome task. The Japanese had bombarded him some months before out of his buildings, across the Soochow Creek, into the French Settlement. Here he had found a vacant house, and the school had functioned through the "Shanghai War," a cold dreary time, with the children all sitting on the floor.

Golden Role of Jesus

But young Pestalozzi is now engaged in raising Chinese funds for a permanent home for this third of his children of brain and heart —the Shanghai Cantonese School. He loves goldfish, as Confucius probably did also six hundred years before Christ came to earth, but Christ did come to earth and to Sz-to Wai, changing the silver rule of Confucius to the golden role of Jesus, astonishingly demonstrated in the form of three new and unusual schools for the ancient land of Confucius within a half cycle of that changing Cathay.

Meanwhile, imagination had crystalized into material substance. The would-be Christian College in China had become visibly embodied on a spot near Canton, as the Canton Christian College, and had spread "like a tree planted by the rivers of water," so that the thousands in South China who know it now, in its expanded estate as Lingnan University, believe firmly that its leaf shall not wither and whatsoever it doeth shall prosper. Certainly it bringeth forth its fruit in its season, many new citizens for old China, more or less resembling that fine lady of Macao and gentleman of Shanghai.

Cathay has changed in this half-cycle. After a full cycle, who will predict what she will be?

Pilgrims In Palestine

(Continued from page five)

him of his sins and transgressions, at Calvary, the tomb and sepulchre.

New Life

AS pilgrims we come away from the empty tomb; there is a new hope and life in our hearts and souls. Heaven seems a little nearer because of the empty tomb, for there is no Christ there. He is risen and goes with us to our hospice and to our home in any place in the world. That is what the pilgrim may carry back with him from the church of the Holy Sepulchre.

Two O'clock in the Morning

THE bells of a nearby church peal out the hour with solemn chimes, for every bell and sound in Jerusalem is solemn. Below me the sound of voices can be heard, of men as they tramp the dark street below. Why they should be out at this hour I do not know. Soon the donkeys will be awakened, to start their long day of toil and to carry heavy burdens on their backs and be beaten and have their tails twisted by sharpfaced, cruel Arab drivers and owners.

Cock Crows

HARK, another sound! It is the crowing of a cock. Clear and distinct I can hear it. Listen—the sound comes from the south, or the place where the cock crew at this hour of the morning or a little later, to remind Peter of his denial. Again I hear it, more challenging than before. I go to the door of my hospice and look out at the sky and stars above. The Mount of Olives and Gethsemane can be seen faintly in the distance. The cock crows again. I cannot pass it off lightly this time, for it is the third time I have heard it in a few minutes. The cross of St. John's hospice is before me. I would like to be like St. John, but that infernal cock reminds me there are many traits of Peter within me. In a few hours I will leave Jerusalem for Nazareth and the Sea of Galilee. There I shall be on the waters that Christ was on, and tramp the very hills that he tramped as a boy and young man. The few remaining days left in Palestine can be used to walk in the steps of the Master, in the places where he loved to walk.

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The Story of Service

Minstrel Show

Approximately 8,500 people crowded Convention Hall in Kansas City, Missouri, on March 4, to attend the second annual Minstrel Show, sponsored by The Community Church. Under the direction of George Goldman, a cast of more than 200 Kansas Cityans gave a three-hour performance without intermission but with every minute filled with enthusiastically received entertainment. Older folk, young people, middle-aged and children shared honors in receiving rounds of hearty applause for their solo work, singing choruses or acrobatic and tap dancing. The following excerpt is quoted from the *Kansas City Journal-Post:* "Stars of the show were many and their offerings were warmly received. Dr. Burris A. Jenkins, minister of the Community Church and one of America's outstanding clergymen, appeared in blackface as old Uncle Tom and gave an energetic interpretation of 'Oh, Dem Golden Slippers' and 'I Ain't Done Nothin', No Time,' revealing that minstrels lost a real star when the ministry claimed him. Professor Ottley Cranston, one of the big figures in the city's music circles, appeared in a splendid characterization of an old Negro patriarch—a characterization as dignified and as winning as Richard B. Harrison's 'De Lawd' in 'Green Pastures'—and sang 'Old Black Joe' in a voice of richness and warmth which gave that old folk classic a new beauty and charm. Frank Anderson, well-known baritone, sang 'Old Man River' to excellent effect." It will be recalled that in quite different roles, Professor Cranston and Mr. Anderson directed the music at the Biennial Conference of the Community Church Workers held in the Community Church of Kansas City last May. Joseph Myers, minister, and others on the staff of the Community Church, expended untiring efforts to help make the Minstrel Show the unanimous success that it became.

Try This

A novel contest is being conducted by the Federated Church of Rosamond, Illinois, under the direction of the pastor, D. Andrew Howey. The question is asked: "If you were given the privilege and power, How Would You Change the Community Church so as to practice more faithfully and teach Christ's way of life, thereby making the church indispensable to people?"

Rules:

1. Any member or attendant of this church is eligible.
2. Sign a pen name; inside an envelope place your own name.
3. Use standard size paper 8½x11, write on one side only.
4. The closing date—March 18, 12:00 noon.
5. Prizes awarded only if ten or more contest.
6. Spelling, style, grammar secondary; ideas primary.

(First and second prizes will be awarded.)

In Kansas

The Community Church of Partridge, Kansas, is very fortunate in having as its new pastor Frank G. Richard. Mr. Richard was for some years state secretary for the Kansas Council of Religious Education and later served the West Side Christian Church in Topeka.

Progress in Wyoming

Out in the thinly settled country near Moorcroft, Wyoming, is being organized an independent Community Church already named the Pine Ridge Community Church. A good church building adequate for present needs is being erected. Albertus Brandt is a leading spirit in this new venture.

Acting Pastor

E. K. Higdon, executive secretary of the National Christian Council of the Philippine Islands, has become acting pastor of the Union Church of Manilla, until a permanent minister is secured.

New President

Dr. Kenyon L. Butterfield was elected president of the New England Town and Country Church commission at its annual meeting. Kenneth C. MacArthur, minister of the Sterling (Massachusetts) Federated Church, was elected secretary.

Paducah Cooperates

Combined pre-Easter services are being held in various sections of the country. Another outstanding experiment in cooperation for the Easter season is being tried by four important churches in Paducah, Kentucky. Each Sunday ministers of the Broadway Methodist, First Baptist, First Presbyterian and First Christian Churches preach on the same subjects.

Radio Anniversary

Gratifying was the response, when "The Community Church of the Air," sponsored by The Community Church of Joplin, Missouri, on the occasion of the celebration of its eighth year of continuous broadcasting, requested that listeners give their opinion of the broadcast. Letters from an enthusiastic radio congregation poured in from many parts of Missouri, from Kansas, from Oklahoma, from the town and from the country. Cliff Titus is the minister upon whom these listeners tune in.

COUNCIL OF WOMEN FOR HOME MISSIONS

Correlating agency of 23 women's national home mission boards of the United States and Canada, for consultation and cooperation in action in unifying programs and promoting projects which they agree to carry on interdenominationally.

Community churches now cooperate in observing the World Day of Prayer and in supporting the interdenominational missionary work among children of Migrant Laboring Families, and students in U. S. Indian government schools. Material available.

Mrs. Daniel A. Poling, President; Miss Anne Seesholtz, Executive Secretary and Director of Indian Work; Miss Edith E. Lowry, Work among Migrant Children; Miss Adela J. Ballard, Western Field Supervisor.

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Speakers During Lent

At their pre-Easter services, the Jennings Union Church, St. Louis, Missouri, is having the following series of speakers: William Armerding, March 10; Homer G. Allan, March 17; Phil Ziegenfuss, March 24; and G. C. Thompson, March 31.

Roscoe, Illinois

Paul L. Hastings, who is at present studying at Garrett Biblical Institute, is spending three week-ends of March in Roscoe, Illinois, preaching at the Roscoe Community Church. Regular Friday night suppers are one of the outstanding social and good fellowship events of this church.

Acting General Secretary

Dr. Harold McAfee Robinson, general secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Christian Education, has been elected to act as general secretary of the International Council of Religious Education until a permanent successor to Dr. Hugh S. Magill is secured. Dr. Magill, whose resignation was presented several months ago, continued his leadership until the first of March. During the annual meeting of the Council held in Chicago, February 11-18, at the Fellowship Dinner on February 18, special recognition was given to Dr. Magill for his long years of service with the Council; to Miss Edith P. Rea, recording secretary; and to Roy Burkhart, whose resignations had been tendered.

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Lenten Booklet

Although suitable for all-year usage, the new booklet, "Easter and Evangelism," prepared by the Department of Evangelism of the Federal Council, will be particularly helpful and suggestive during Holy week. Single copies may be had upon request, if postage is included.

Search For Oldest Community Church

THE CHRISTIAN COMMUNITY is making a search for the oldest Community, United, Union or Federated Church in the United States. Please help us find it.

Tenth Anniversary

The tenth anniversary of the Southlawn Community Church, Chicago, was celebrated in January. At a silver tea on Sunday afternoon, January 27, an address was given by Dr. W. B. Grimes; and sketches of happenings in the history of the church were presented. Frank T. Palm is minister and the membership numbers about 140.

Work Closed

It is a regret that the American Church in Berlin (nonsectarian), Germany, which was founded in 1867, has found it necessary to discontinue its work and to dissolve the church corporation by a vote of its governing board. It is reported that lack of interest and support on the part of Americans in Berlin was the cause. The Berlin church has had a long and distinguished history.

Federation President

The new president of the Greater New York Federation of Churches was elected on February 14 in the person of Eugene C. Carder, associate minister of Riverside Church, New York City. He has been a member of the executive committee of the Federation for several years and recording secretary.

Personals

Milton A. Bierbaum, minister of the Flossmoor Community Church, Chicago, since last November, was married to Miss Charlotte Maxwell on January 23.

Dr. Roy B. Guild of the Federal Council and Dr. William R. King of the Home Missions Council left, February 22, for a six weeks' trip to the Pacific coast for a visitation of state and city federations.

Mrs. Grace Sloan Overton, chairman of the Department of Marriage and the Home of the National Council of Federated Church Women, whose address was so well enjoyed at the Biennial Conference of the Community Church Workers last May, will speak at the women's session of the 98th annual convention of the Missouri Disciples of Christ in St. Louis, April 30-May 1.

Roy Burkhart, Pastor First Community Church, Columbus, Ohio is speaking before United Youth conferences in the west during three weeks in March.

Mrs. R. Carl Stoll, of Snyder, New York suffered a severe dislocation recently which is now much improved. She is the wife of R. Carl Stoll, President of the Community Church Workers of the U. S. A.

Ceases Publication

Following the recent death of Arthur Preuss, editor of *The Fortnightly Review*, the publication of this paper has been discontinued. THE CHRISTIAN COMMUNITY extends regrets.

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carries on educational missions to a needy people. Its work has been investigated and endorsed by competent people sent out from the United States. Dr. and Mrs. E. L. Humphrey have spoken in many community and federated churches, and many of these churches contribute. Write for particulars to

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Religious Digest

The Christian Church Remains

By Raymond Calkins

TO A GOOD many people, the church seems to be trembling, and even tottering. Denominational walls are not nearly as secure as they used to be. The number of people who really believe in the permanence of any given form of church organization is steadily diminishing. More than this, faith in institutional Christianity itself has been weakened in our day. People may still believe in Christianity as an idea, but they do not believe in the forms in which it has incorporated itself. Pure Christianity is one thing, and the Christianity of the churches is admittedly another. Religion is conceived of as a purely individual affair. Men value these solitary feelings, acts, experiences. But they do not value as once they did that incorporation and illustration of them which they find in the church.

Much alarm has been felt. The walls of Zion appear to be crumbling. The Christianity outside the church seems often to be more vital than that within. The religion which finds its passion in social justice and human brotherhood seems to possess a vital spark which institutional Christianity often seems to lack. Can anything be done? Is the church really going to pieces? Has institutional Christianity any future? If so, what is it?

It all depends upon what is meant by the church. If by it is meant an ecclesiastical system, an organization buttressed by external authentication, by tradition, by definite theory of origin and practice, it is hard to predicate permanence for such a church.

Yet the church remains if we revise our ideas about the church itself; if we define it not as an ecclesiastical organization of any particular kind, either Catholic or Protestant, but as a spiritual order composed of the friends of Jesus. If we say *"ubi Christus, ecclesia"*—where Christ is there is one church; if we conceive of it as a beloved community composed of those who are bound to and united with Christ in the bonds of intimate loyalty and affection, then we may be sure that the church will remain to the last syllable of recorded time. For the centuries, as they have come and gone, have witnessed no weakening in this passionate and inward attachment of the individual soul to Christ. Heaven and earth may pass away; church systems and organizations may come and go; denominations may rise and fall, but the Church of Christ thus conceived "constant shall remain."

Against a church thus spiritually understood, the imponderable forces in the ongoing life of the world can never prevail. *Advance.*

Jesus in the Gospels

By Maude Royden

AFTER our Lord had passed out of the sight of his disciples, they were not dismayed, as they were after the crucifixion, because they were daily, and almost hourly expecting his return. For quite a long time they did not even think of writing down anything about him. When, therefore, we study what they did write we must remember the fact (which to them was a sad fact) that for some years they had expected our Lord to return immediately; so that it never occurred to them as necessary or profitable to write down anything that he had said or done. They began to do so when some of those who had been among the twelve were dead; others were growing old; and the rest began to realize that quite soon there would be no one who had actually seen and known our Lord in the flesh.

So in the oldest of the gospels, the gospel of St. Mark, we have almost certainly what St. Peter remembered most vividly and what he considered to be important; and these were mostly acts of power and healing, of strength and of triumph. Then the writer whose writings are lost, but on whom a great deal of St. Matthew's and St. Luke's gospels are based, thought, perhaps, that what our Lord taught was even more important than these great signs of power; so he made a collection of our Lord's sayings. Perhaps he felt there were not enough of them in the early version of St. Mark, or perhaps the other way round, St. Mark may have felt that in these "Sayings" there was not enough about his "mighty works." So in a rather haphazard sort of way, the "synoptic" gospels were put to-

Prayer for Courage

DON'T let my footsteps
Fall along the casual paths,
Dear God.
I would go firm and knowingly
On ground that few have trod.

(Far ancient knights of heraldry
In gleaming coat of mail
Had visions.
With awakening eyes
They sought the Holy Grail.
Creators reaching down the years
For truth—a shining goal!
Made beauty daily bread
And faith an armor for the soul.)

I WOULD go firm
As one who trod the path
To perfect peace,
And find as he,
Unfalteringly,
In bondage my release.

JEANETTE GOEDERS

gether. Finally, after a considerable lapse of time, the fourth gospel was written and here, almost certainly, the last of the Twelve, the last of the company who had been with our Lord on earth, gave his recollections to some student or disciple to write down.

It has been said that the first three gospels are, in their approach to our Lord and in their description of our Lord's personal life, like three people who live on different sides of a great mountain. But the difference between these three and the fourth gospel is more like that between an observer living at the foot of a mountain and one who had climbed its summit, or, in modern language, gone up in an aeroplane and looked down. How utterly different *their* observations would be!

One can imagine St. John, writing perhaps forty or fifty years after the others; and so far removed from the actual events that he had lost, perhaps, something of the vividness of memory; but he has more than made up for this in that he now saw the significance of things at the time passed almost unnoticed.

We must therefore be prepared to see Jesus of Nazareth as he was. To do that, we need all the four gospels, all the four evangelists, to give us each his own view of our blessed Lord. And we need also the Holy Spirit to give us understanding.

The Guildhouse Monthly.

Money

By Joseph Fort Newton

"Take no money in thy purse."

THORNTON WILDER says that the poor man is he whose head is full of anxious thoughts about money; and the rich man is he whose head is not full of anxious thoughts about money. There it is, plain enough; and it explains why the world is a bankrupt poor house, and all of us are as poor as church mice. How could it be otherwise?

All the world is fussed up, mussed up, messed up about money, as if it were the be-all and end-all of life. We think money, talk money, dream money, forgetting that life is the only real wealth, and that the best things in life are the things that money cannot buy. Nor can gold offer safety from the worst woe that can befall us.

Those who have done most for man had no money, did not need it, did not want it. Jesus had a little money in His purse, and part of that was stolen. But what He did for man, what He means to us, is worth more than all the gold in all the hills. St. Francis wedded Lady Poverty and went singing through the world, his life a poem and a fragrance.

It is time to lay off this tiresome talk about money, and learn that life is its own health and wealth—learn to live, to love, to pray, to sing, to look up at the stars, and be free; using such money as we earn and own for the things we need while seeking the priceless things we need most.

The Churchman.

APPLYING CHRISTIANITY TO TODAY'S PROBLEMS

THE PRESBYTERIAN TRIBUNE, while serving the Presbyterian Church, U. S. A., is more than a denominational paper. It seeks to present every vital phase of modern church life. Its policy is to apply the Christian spirit and ethic to the problems and issues of the day.

Ministers and laymen alike are attracted by its timely editorials and stimulating articles and inspired by the news it contains of church activities, far and near. Wide awake religious education directors and others, who must lead and direct youth, are finding invaluable the religious drama page, conducted by Dr. Elliot Field, the youth page, and other regular features.

Dr. Edmund B. Chaffee is the editor, and James V. Clarke, managing editor. They are assisted by a strong group of ministers and laymen not only from the East, but from almost every state in the union.

The PRESBYTERIAN TRIBUNE seeks the unity of the church of Christ but realizes that at present Presbyterians must work through their own denomination. It is opposed to war and seeks a social order based on the teachings of Jesus.

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